Numb. 71

The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

From *Tuesday September* 20. to *Thursday September* 22. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I HAVE long been againſt my Inclination employ'd in Satyr, and that in Proſecution of ſuch Perſons who are below the Dignity of the true Spirit of it; ſuch who I fear are not to be reclaim'd by making 'em only ridiculous. The *Sharpers* therefore ſhall have a Month's Time to themſelves free from the Obſervation of this Paper; but I muſt not make a Truce without letting 'em know, that at the ſame Time I am preparing for a more vigorous War; for a Friend of mine has promis'd me, he will employ his Time in compiling ſuch a Tract before the Seſſion of the enſuing Parliament, as ſhall lay Gaming Home to the Boſoms of all who love their Country or their Families; and he doubts not but it will create an Act, That ſhall make theſe Rogues as ſcandalous, as thoſe leſs miſchievous ones on the high Road. I have receiv'd private Intimations to take Care of my Walks, and remember there are ſuch Things as Stabs and Blows: But as there never was any Thing in this Deſign which ought to diſpleaſe a Man of Honour, or which was not deſign'd to offend the Raſcals, I ſhall give my ſelf very little Concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provok'd at theſe Lucubrations. But tho' I utterly deſpiſe the Pack, I muſt confeſs I am at a Stand at the Receipt of the following Letter, which ſeems to be written by a Man of Senſe and Worth, who has miſtaken ſome Paſſage that I am ſure was not levell'd at him. This Gentleman's Complaints give me Compunction, when I neglect the Threats of the Raſcals. I can't be in Jeſt with the Rogues any longer, ſince they pretend to threaten. I don't know whether I ſhall allow 'em the Favour of Tranſportation.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *September* 13.

'OBſerving you are not content with laſhing the many Vices of the Age, without illuſtrating each with particular Characters, it's thought 'nothing would more contribute to the Impreſſion 'you deſign by ſuch, than always having Regard 'to Truth. In your *Tatler* of this Day, I obſerve 'you allow, That nothing is ſo tender as a Lady's 'Reputation; that a Stain once got in their Fame 'is hardly ever to be waſh'd out. This you grant 'even when you give your ſelf Leave to triſle. If 'ſo, What Caution is neceſſary in handling the 'Reputation of a Man, whoſe well-being in this 'Life perhaps entirely depends on preſerving it 'from any Wound, which once there receiv'd, too 'often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppoſe ſome 'villainous Hand, through Perſonal Prejudice, tranſ-'mits Materials for this Purpoſe, which you pub-'liſh to the World, and afterwards become fully convinc'd you were impos'd on, (as by this 'Time you may be of a Character you have ſent 'into the World); I ſay, ſuppoſing this, I would 'be glad to know, what Reparation you think 'ought to be made the Perſon ſo injur'd, admitting you ſtood in his Place. It has always been 'held, that a generous Education is the ſureſt Mark 'of a generous Mind. The former is indeed perſpicuous in all your Papers; and I am perſwaded, 'tho' you affect often to ſhow the latter, yet you 'would not keep any Meaſures (even of Chriſtianity) with thoſe who ſhould handle you in the 'Manner you do others. The Application of all this 'is from your having very lately glanc'd at a Man, 'under a Character, that were he conſcious to de-'ſerve, he would be the firſt to rid the World of 'himſelf; and would be more juſtifiable in it to 'all Sorts of Men, than you in your committing 'ſuch a Violence on his Reputation, which perhaps you may be convinc'd of in another Manner than you deſerve from him.

'A Man of your Capacity, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſhould 'have more noble Views, and purſue the true Spirit of Satyr; but I will conclude, leſt I grow 'out of Temper, and will only beg for your own 'Preſervation, to remember the Proverb of the 'Pitcher.

I am Yours,

A. J.

The Proverb of the Pitcher I have no Regard to; but it would be an Inſenſibility not to be pardon'd, if a Man could be untouch'd at ſo warm an Accuſation, and that laid with ſo much ſeeming Temper. All I can ſay to it is, That if the Writer, by the ſame Method by which he convey'd this Letter, ſhall give me an Inſtance wherein I have injur'd any good Man, or pointed at any Thing which is not the true Object of Raillery, I ſhall acknowledge the Offence in as open a Manner as the Preſs can do it, and lay down this Paper for ever. There is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking Men in a Way that may prejudice their Honour or Fortune; but when Men of too modeſt a Senſe of themſelves will think they are touch'd, it is impoſſible to prevent ill Conſequences from the moſt innocent and general Diſcourſes. This I have known happen in Circumſtances the moſt foreign to theirs who have taken Offence at them. An Advertiſement lately publiſh'd, relating to *Omicron*, alarm'd a Gentleman of good Senſe, Integrity, Honour, and Induſtry, which is, in every Particular, different from the trifling Pretenders pointed at in that Advertiſement. When the Modeſty of ſome is as exceſſive as the Vanity of others, What Defence is there againſt Miſinterpretation? However, giving Diſturbance, tho' not intended, to Men of virtuous Characters, has ſo ſincerely troubled me, that I will break from this Satyrical Vein; and to ſhow I very little value my ſelf upon it, ſhall for this Month enſuing leave the *Sharper*, the *Fop*, the *Pedant*, the *Proud Man*, the *Inſolent*; in a Word, all the Train of *Knaves* and *Fools*, to their own Devices, and touch on nothing but Panegyrick. This Way is ſuitable to the true Genius of the *Staffs*, who are much more inclin'd to reward than puniſh. If therefore the Author of the above-mention'd Letter does not command my Silence wholly, as he ſhall if I do not give him Satisfaction, I ſhall for the above-mention'd Space turn my Thoughts to raiſing Merit from its Obſcurity,

fity, celebrating Virtue in its Diſtreſs, and attacking Vice by no other Method, but ſetting Innocence in a proper Light.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 20.

I find here for me the following Letter:

'Squire *Bickerſtaff*,

'FInding your Advice and Cenſure to have a good Effect, I deſire your Admonition to 'our Vicar and Schoolmaſter, who in his Preaching to his Auditors, ſtretches his Jaws ſo wide, 'that inſtead of inſtructing Youth, it rather frighttens them: Likewiſe in reading Prayers, he has 'ſuch a careleſs Loll, that People are juſtly offended at his irreverent Poſture; beſide the extraordinary Charge they are put to in ſending their 'Children to dance, to bring them off of thoſe ill 'Geſtures. Another evil Faculty he has, in making the Bowling-green his daily Reſidence, inſtead of his Church, where his Curate reads 'Prayers every Day. If the Weather is fair, his 'Time is ſpent in Viſiting; if Cold or Wet, in 'Bed, or at leaſt at Home, tho' within 100 Yards 'of the Church. Theſe, out of many ſuch irregular Practices, I write for his Reclaimation: But two or three Things more before I conclude; to 'wit, that generally when his Curate preaches in 'the Afternoon, he ſleeps ſotting in the Desk on a 'Hiſſock. With all this, he is ſo extremely proud, 'that he will go but once to the Sick, except they 'return his Viſit.

I was going on in reading my Letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. *Greenhat*, who has been this Evening at the Play of *Hamlet*. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid he, had you been to Night at the Play-houſe, you had ſeen the Force of Action in Perfection: Your admir'd Mr. *Betterton* behav'd himſelf ſo well, that, tho' now about Seventy, he acted Youth; and by the prevalent Power of proper Manner, Geſture and Voice, appear'd through the whole *Drama* a Youth of great Expectation, Vivacity and Enterprize. The Soliloquy, where he began the celebrated Sentence of, *To be, or not to be*; the Expoſtulation where he explains with his Mother in her Cloſet, the noble Ardor after ſeeing his Father's Ghoſt, and his generous Diſtreſs for the Death of *Ophelia*; are each of them Circumſtances which dwell ſtrongly upon the Minds of the Audience, and would certainly affect their Behaviour on any parallel Occaſions in their own Lives. Pray, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, let us have Virtue thus repreſented on the Stage with its proper Ornaments, or let theſe Ornaments be added to her in Places more ſacred. As for my Part, ſaid he, I carry'd my Couſin *Jerry*, this little Boy, with me, and ſhall always love the Child for his Partiality in all that concern'd the Fortune of *Hamlet*. This is entring Youth into the Affections and Paſſions of Manhood before-hand, and as it were antedating the Effects we hope from a long and liberal Education.

I cannot, in the midſt of many other Things which preſs, hide the Comfort that this Letter from my ingenious Kinſman gives me.

To my Honour'd Kinſman Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*;

Dear Couſin, Oxford, Sept. 18.

'I Am ſorry, tho' not ſurpriz'd, to find that you have rallied the Men of Dreſs in vain; 'that the Amber-headed Cane ſtill maintains its 'unſtable Poſt; that Pockets are but a few Inches 'ſhorten'd; and a Beau is ſtill a Beau, from the 'Crown of his Nightcap to the Heels of his Shoes. 'For your Comfort, I can aſſure you, that your 'Endeavours ſucceed better in this famous Seat of Learning. By them, the Manners of our young 'Gentlemen are in a fair Way of Amendment, 'and their very Language is mightily refin'd. To 'them it is owing, that not a Servitor will ſing a 'Catch, not a Senior-Fellow make a Pun, not a 'determining Batcheler drink a Bumper; and I 'believe, a Gentleman-Commoner would as ſoon 'have the Heels of his Shoes red as his Stockings. 'When a Witling ſtands at a Coffee-houſe Door, 'and ſneers thoſe who paſs by, to the great Improvement of his hopeful Audience, he is no longer ſirnamed a *Slicer*, but a Man of Fire is the 'Word. A Beauty, whoſe Health is drank from *Heddington* to *Hinkſey*, who has been the Theme of 'the Muſes, (her Cheeks painted with Roſes, and 'her Boſom planted with Orange Boughs) has no 'more the Title of *Lady*, but reigns an undiſputed 'Toaſt. When to the plain Garb of Gown and 'Band a Spark adds an inconſiſtent long Wig, we 'do not ſay now he *Boſhes*, but there goes a Smart 'Fellow. If a Virgin bluſhes, we no longer cry 'ſhe *Blues*. He that drinks 'till he ſtares, is no 'more *Tow-Row*, but Honeſt. A Youngſter in a *Scrape*, is a Word out of Date; and what bright 'Man ſays, I was *Joah'd* by the Dean: *Bamboozling* 'is exploded; a *Shat* is a Tatler; and if the muſcular Motion of a Man's Face be violent, no Mortal ſays, he *raiſes a Horſe*, but he's a Merry Fellow.

'I congratulate you, my dear Kinſman, upon 'theſe Conqueſts; ſuch as *Roman* Emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your Correſpondent *Lewis le Grand*, and his 'dictating Academy.

'Be yours the Glory to perform, mine to record; '(as Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid before me to *his* Kinſman) 'and while you enter triumphant into the Temple 'of the *Muſes*, I, as my Office requires, will, 'with my Staff on my Shoulder, attend and conduct you. I am,

Dear Couſin,

Your moſt Affectionate Kinſman,

Benjamin Beadleſtaff.

Upon the humble Application of certain Perſons who have made Heroick Figures in Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Narrations, Notice is hereby given, That no ſuch ſhall ever be mention'd for the future, except thoſe who have ſent Menaces, and not ſubmitted to Admonition.*

Advertiſements.

* * **The Moſt Noble Volatile Smelling-Bottle in the World**; which ſmell'd to, Momentarily fetches the moſt diſmal Fanting, or Swooning Fits, and in a Minute removes Fluſhings, Vapours, Dulneſs, Head-Ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all Heavy Sleepineſs, retards Swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle; and by its Uſe admits of no Faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man, recreates and makes chearful although never ſo ſad, and in a Moment raiſes all the ſenſitive Faculties. It's alſo to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cauſe; for it potently relieves, comforts, and ſtrengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickneſs from it, helps Digeſtion, cleanſes the Blood; and in a Word, is the greateſt Cephalick, Stomatick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick poſſible; therefore is extream neceſſary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Is only ſold at Mr. King's, Picture-ſhop, in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's, at the Golden Buck, Picture-ſhop, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. and 6. d. each, with printed Directions.

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